

Sold Her Soul for Daughter's Sake

MADAME MARGOT. By John Bennett. The Century Company.

THE theme of a man who sells his soul to the devil to achieve a definite desire is by no means new in literature. In this particular instance, however, it is a woman who forfeits her birthright, and she does it in order that her daughter might remain pure and free of her inheritance. It is said that the story was founded on a still related legend of old Charleston, S. C.

Mr. Bennett works out his grotesque tale with a lavishness of pigment which is, in the main, very effective. At times, however, his excessive use of adjectives adds no horror to the story, as was undoubtedly intended, but merely increases the self-consciousness of the reader. The following will give an idea of the colorful background for this all-in-all delightful tale:

"The languid, lovely, tired old town was then a city brave and gay, with Mediterranean manners and Caribbean ways.

"The perfume of 10,000 flowers drifted upon the winds, which came and went over a thousand gardens, ebbing and flowing like the tide.

"It was a golden age, when all things were fair; nothing had grown old; even the tragic and the terrible were comely then. Wonder lay on everything. Merely to exist was to be happy. It was a world of unextinguished youth; life was brimful to the lips with delight."

When Ex-Crook Meets Crook

ALLAS THE LONG WOLF. By Louis Joseph Vance. Doubleday, Page & Co.

THAT night we were tired—tired mentally of the sort of book which makes the already overworked mind work just a little harder and longer instead of offering a story which will take the reader out of herself and place her in a world where she can find it impossible to think of anything else while the book is in her hands.

So in this mood we looked through our bookcase and chose Mr. Vance's new book—and it was a good choice. No one could wish for more intense excitement from printed pages. No one could hope for a more carefully hidden plot and unexpected experiences.

We shuddered when Albert Dupont endeavored to eliminate each character that intruded into his plans by the simple expedient of a handkerchief about the throat. And then something cracked in the other room, and startled, we dropped the book, and to become reassured that we were in no personal danger, but in a perfectly safe apartment, and back we would go to Michael Lanyard again and with bated breath endeavor to push him forward in his search for the missing jewels.

We never worked so hard in our lives as we did helping him find the jewels, and there was no need of our hard work. He had been with the British Secret Service, and before that he had been a very capable crook, and he knew how to recover stolen property from two angles. You know how you feel at the Horse Show when the horses are jumping. You just hold your breath and hope they will clear, and with relief when they are over and catching your breath again as they are about to take the next hurdle? Well, so exciting, and so good, and so clever is this book that it held us breathless—and yes, you people who think every story should have a love scene or two in its pages—there is love in this story, but not the sentimental twaddle of a sentimental writer and sentimental characters; for Michael Lanyard is a big man and Mr. Vance makes him live up to his reputation.

'Twas Some Days After Christmas—

THE BOY SCOUTS YEAR BOOK. Edited by Franklin K. Mathews. Published for the Boy Scouts of America by D. Appleton & Co.

OF course the Christmas spirit is just wearing off and the paint is still on little Willie's fire engine even though the wheels are broken, and Tommy has a kick coming because his ice skates are not of the racer type, and Hattie seems to be quite put out because the ribbon on her hat is red and not lavender, which is her favorite color. Father also seems to be in a "put-out" mood for Maxwell has the long wanted drum which Santa thoughtlessly left. Mother, too, is not herself, but that is because she is tired after the hustle and bustle before Christmas Day dawned. The only cheerful member of the family is brother Frank. There you find him lying prone upon the parlor rug, head propped up by his cupped hands in Lincoln fashion. He is deeply lost to his surroundings and is at this time camping or hiking over again some of those pleasures which were afforded him last summer at camp with his Scout troop.

The book before him is none other than "The Boy Scouts Year Book," which is edited by Frank K. Mathews, the chief Scout librarian. He has found so much within its covers that he has completely lost sight of some of his other presents—even to the extent of forgetting his new Scout knife. So far he has read some very good stories: "You Tell 'Em Tenderfoot," by Brewer Corcoran; "Chimney Gold," by J. Allan Dunn, and lots of other interesting yarns. He has also been on "A Bird Hike with Dan Beard" and has found in "What Boys Can Make" many interesting things that he is going to try to make. On the whole Frank finds a lot in this book that is bound to hold his interest for many days to come, and if you take his word for it it's a corker!



REVIEWS OF NEW FICTION

Wiley's Black and Yellow Men

JADE. By Hugh Wiley. Alfred A. Knopf.
LADY LUCK. By Hugh Wiley. Alfred A. Knopf.

HUGH WILEY has taken the darker races for his province. His latest books deal with the Mongolian and the Ethiopian. He is thrilled by the mystery of our yellow brother. However, his view is rather conventional. He believes in the oft quoted lines:

For ways that are dark,
Take the heathen Chinese.

Mr. Wiley is at his polychrome best, however, in depicting the comedy of Afro-American life. He takes up the civilian adventures of Vitis Mahdsen, alias the Wildcat of the First Labor Battalion. Mahdsen is a firm believer in two patrons, Lady Luck and Capt. Jack. His mascot, Lily the Goat, is for him the symbol of luck.

Hence there is a nice, juicy and highly ingenious murder in nearly every one of his stories. In the first story Sam Kee kills Lingo Riley's wife to free him from an incubus. In the author's second story Ming Sam Tai with the aid of an actor kills Senator King for desecrating his father's grave in search of gold. Perhaps the best story is the one called "Junk." Hong Chong was a red headed Chinaman, and his family cast him off because they thought he brought them ill fortune. In his despair a big turtle appeared to him in a dream. It gave him good advice and told him not to despair. Shortly after waking he found a small turtle which provided him with food. He was adopted by another Chinaman with red hair, who taught him to play the flute. A theatrical man brought him to this country, and when he prospered in the junk business in his turn he adopted a red headed boy. He apprenticed this boy to a Portuguese grocer to learn Western business methods. This grocer made the boy a scapegoat when he was caught selling opium. On the day that the boy went to prison Hong Chong—Lee kidnapped the Portuguese.



This is not Will Rogers but "Wildcat" Hugh Wiley in a characteristic pose.

The Wildcat says, "De officials crave to 'member de wah. Us 'listed boys craves to forget it."

The Wildcat is satisfied to live again in Memphis and to woo Miss Cuspadora Lee. However, he is foolishly made to get into the Konk'r'n Keweenaw parade, organized by Honey Tame, the Uplifter. The parade is such a fizzle that he decides to leave Memphis and the Backslid Baptist, another war time chum, gets him a job as porter. When he is stranded in Chicago with Lily the Goat, the Potent Nobles of Mysterious Mecca decide to take him to their convention in California with Lily as mascot. His adventures come fast and furious, and are so funny that they defy brief repetition.

The Book Factory

By EDWARD ANTHONY.
FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

"Then followed a good feed with roast goose and cakes."
"Send me some eggs and sugar."
"She gave me a cup of chocolate."
"We had the usual Marjinnas goose for dinner."
"We had some fine pumpernickel bread."
"They have the most excellent food."
"I am very well satisfied with my food . . . dish of meat with macaroni . . . tea . . . aniseed biscuits."
"I prefer a stew to roast beef," &c., &c.
From "Selected Letters of Friedrich Nietzsche," edited by Oscar Levy (Doubleday, Page & Co.).

"Minds are not ever craving for their food,"
George Crabbe observed long years ago,
And though the feedbag he may not have wooed.
Of Nietzsche this was hardly so.
Old Friedrich—(bless his glorious appetite!)—
Believed in punishing the chow.
He ate one meal a day (from morn till night)
And only stopped to mop his brow.

Cheeses—Camembert, Roquefort, cream or Swiss—
He polished off with unexampled zest,
Attaining to a state of perfect bliss,
And crowding buttons off his vest.
Bologna, strudel, pudding, fish—he'd take
And down 'em with no sign of fag,
This prince of Deutschland's Grub Street (make
No faces, that's a harmless gag).

And soup, if I remember rightly, he
Approved of (he enjoyed it hot);
He lapped it with the frankest kind of glee
And then went in and licked the pot.
Celery, barley, oxtail, pea—he packed
'Em in with joy, nor placed a ban
Upon the simpler consommé—in fact,
He was a perfect souperman!

It occurs to us to toss off the observation on "Fir-flower Tablets." Amy Lowell's version of a group of poems translated from the Chinese by Florence Ayscough, that many people will think the bewildering Amy has translated them back into Chinese.

We are thinking of writing a novel of English life. We don't know anything about English life, but—(and haven't others done it?)—a liberal sprinkling of "kerb," "kinger beer," "pyjamas" and "tyre" will create the proper atmosphere.

POINTLESS POLITICAL POKES.
E. A.: I wonder if you will agree with me in the matter that prompts me to write you. . . I think Hugh Wiley's otherwise excellent "Lady Luck" is marred by the author's childish baiting of the Democrats.

I have no quarrel with Mr. Wiley's political beliefs, but I do object to seeing them dragged into a novel (especially a good one) by the hair of the head. . . These little political pokes have no bearing on the story and leave the reader with the impression that the author is trying to square accounts with a Democratic neighbor who "gave him an argument" in the village barber shop. . . A few of these dragged-in political references show Mr. Wiley to be so peevish—(these humorists baffle me!)—that one wonders whether he is a full grown adult or is still wearing short pants.

Yours for propagandist fiction,
CHARLES K. F.
Hugh Wiley's political pokes in

be light fiction; and there was light fiction.

The voice is Robert Service's voice, but the hands are the hands of Kipling.

Frederick O'Brien: I have been a stranger in a strange land.
Dorothy Canfield (whose latest book is in its ninth edition): My "Brimming Cup" runneth over.

Frank Wiltach: I have multiplied visions and used similes.
A. E. Housman: Let the words be few.

C. S. Gilbert: A merry heart doeth good like a medicine.

Advice to novelists: Be not Wright-could overmuch.

Oh H. G. Wells: Where there is no vision the people perish.

On certain modern essayists: Yet a little sleep, a little slumber, a little folding of the hands to sleep.

On Joseph Conrad and William McFee: Deep calleth unto deep.

On "Pollyanna": Sweeter also than honey and the honeycomb.

Henry Arthur Jones to H. G. Wells: Let there be no strife, I pray thee, between thee and me.

George Jean Nathan to H. L. Mencken: Whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God.

She Found Solace In Writing a Play
ROMANCE TO THE RESCUE. By Denis McKail. Houghton Mifflin Company.

"ROMANCE TO THE RESCUE" is decorated by a very striking jacket. On closer inspection it is seen to be a cablegram from P. G. Wodehouse. He proclaims a very high opinion of the book. The reader will agree with him. Being a young man, Denis McKail has shown an unusual facility in hitting the high spots. His story deals with the theatre world of London. Actors have always been noted for their follies, and this is especially true nowadays, when the artistic temperament and modern business methods mingle to produce a world of their own. In London theatre districts were controlled by a firm one of whose partners had never been inside the theatre because he was a Nonconformist.

Leo Cartwright, the star at the Theatre, was almost as kingly as Garriek. "He had separated from his wife because his infidelity repelled her. During her loneliness she solaced herself by writing a play. It served its purpose of occupying her mind, and she forgot about it for many years. Then the whim seized her to submit it. She tried to sell it through an agency. Her non-de-plume was David Lawrence. The name had no conscious meaning to her, but Lawrence was the name of one of her former sweethearts.

It so happens that there was a young man by the name of David Lawrence, the son of this old sultor. He was at Oxford and happened to meet Mrs. Cartwright on his vacation. He fell in love with her in a boyish way, and dramatically told her that he would serve her in any way. When Mrs. Cartwright's play was accepted by her husband she asked him to submit it. She play he was put in a painfully embarrassing position. However, he rose to the occasion.

THE PRINCESS SALOME. By Burris Jenkins. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

THERE are people who are unable to appreciate history except when it is diluted with fiction, and they will welcome "The Princess Salome," for the author has taken as many liberties with the dead as Sir Walter Scott.

Judas, Maccabeus and Nero do not

appear in the story for chronological reasons, but as many famous celebrities shoulder each other in these pages as were seen on the benches at the recent prize fight. Saint Paul and Saint Stephen appear as ancient comrades, and their friendship is interrupted when Stephen becomes the lover of the Princess Salome. It reminds one of the series of Historic Affinities which appeared in Life, or the ultra-Baconian theory that the author of "Hamlet" was the son of John Knox and Mary Queen of Scots. There is a scene in the great arena which reminds one of "Ben-Hur" or "Quo Vadis" or a Griffith film.

Saints and Sinners Thoroughly Mixed

THE PRINCESS SALOME. By Burris Jenkins. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

THE PRINCESS SALOME. By Burris Jenkins. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

THE PRINCESS SALOME. By Burris Jenkins. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

THE PRINCESS SALOME. By Burris Jenkins. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

THE PRINCESS SALOME. By Burris Jenkins. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

THE PRINCESS SALOME. By Burris Jenkins. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

THE PRINCESS SALOME. By Burris Jenkins. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

THE PRINCESS SALOME. By Burris Jenkins. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

THE PRINCESS SALOME. By Burris Jenkins. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

THE PRINCESS SALOME. By Burris Jenkins. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

THE PRINCESS SALOME. By Burris Jenkins. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

THE PRINCESS SALOME. By Burris Jenkins. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

THE PRINCESS SALOME. By Burris Jenkins. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

THE PRINCESS SALOME. By Burris Jenkins. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

THE PRINCESS SALOME. By Burris Jenkins. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

THE PRINCESS SALOME. By Burris Jenkins. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

THE PRINCESS SALOME. By Burris Jenkins. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

THE PRINCESS SALOME. By Burris Jenkins. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

THE PRINCESS SALOME. By Burris Jenkins. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

THE PRINCESS SALOME. By Burris Jenkins. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

Blackwood, Sportsman-Mystic

THE WOLVES OF GOD AND OTHER FEY STORIES. By Algernon Blackwood and Wilfred Wilson. E. P. Dutton & Co.

THESE are stories of unique value. They demonstrate the versatile genius of Algernon Blackwood. Some are fearsome, others refreshing and charming; but all of them are written upon metaphysical themes. For instance, "The Wolves of God" is weird to an intense degree. It is a story in which there is supposed to be a pack of spirit wolves—a sacred pack—held in awe by the Red-

thousands of these trees, flooding the twilight of a spring evening with their sea of blossoms, is almost unearthly. They seem transparencies, their color hangs sheets upon the very sky. I crossed a small wooden bridge that joined two of these orchards above a stream, and in the dark water I watched a moment the mingled reflection of stars and flowering branches on the quiet surface. It seemed too exquisite to belong to earth, this fairy garden of stars and blossoms, shining faintly in the crystal depths, and my thought, as I gazed, dived suddenly down the little avenue that memory opened into former days. I remembered Shan-Yu's present, given to me when he died. His very words came back to me: The Garden of Happiness in the Valley of the Thousand Temples, with its promise of love, of seven years of happiness, and the prophecy that I should follow his body toward the Sunrise and meet my destiny. One does not quite grasp its full beauty—so with the end of the story the reader is left in doubt as to its ethical teaching.

"Running Wolf" is a story of the Canadian wilds, and by the way, the character in this story might have been Blackwood himself, since it is a rugged type of man, one who not only loves nature in a mystical sense but as a sportsman.

"First Hate" is a psychic story: "The Valley of the Beasts" is on a hunting theme. "The Call" is a sketch of spirit materialization, where the spirit body of a man who is still alive is seen walking in a garden; a story built upon the metaphysical theory that there are two bodies, the physical and the spiritual, the spiritual being active in this life as well as in the other.

"Egyptian Sorcery" tells of a man whose astral body enters the body of some one at a great distance, and through its magnetic power brings the dying personality back to life. This takes place in a dream, but not the kind of vision in which time and space are annihilated.

"The Man Who Found Out" recalls a sentence from Balzac's "Louis Lambert." "There is no time in the subconscious life."

"The Lane That Ran East and West" is charming, quaint and old fashioned. "Vengeance Is Mine" is a war sketch wherein the supernatural is powerfully expressed, suggesting certain stories of Edgar Allan Poe.

Some of these stories were dreams of Wilfred Wilson, who camped in the wilderness with Blackwood.

VIVIAN RADCLIFFE.

skins—wolves that punish malefactors, killing but never eating them. In this there is a dramatic rightness which gives an effect of realism to the unearthly.

The second story is "Chinese Magic." This is quite different from the first, as its charm lies in the artistic coloring. It is like a delicate painting, one that must be analyzed closely; the colors are so skillfully blended that they are elusive.

Here is one of the typical pictures drawn by Algernon Blackwood:

"It was dusk, the stars were coming out in the pale evening air, and the orchards, as I passed them, stood like wavering ghosts of unbelievable beauty. The effect of thousands upon

skins—wolves that punish malefactors, killing but never eating them. In this there is a dramatic rightness which gives an effect of realism to the unearthly.

The second story is "Chinese Magic." This is quite different from the first, as its charm lies in the artistic coloring. It is like a delicate painting, one that must be analyzed closely; the colors are so skillfully blended that they are elusive.

Here is one of the typical pictures drawn by Algernon Blackwood:

"It was dusk, the stars were coming out in the pale evening air, and the orchards, as I passed them, stood like wavering ghosts of unbelievable beauty. The effect of thousands upon

skins—wolves that punish malefactors, killing but never eating them. In this there is a dramatic rightness which gives an effect of realism to the unearthly.

The second story is "Chinese Magic." This is quite different from the first, as its charm lies in the artistic coloring. It is like a delicate painting, one that must be analyzed closely; the colors are so skillfully blended that they are elusive.

Here is one of the typical pictures drawn by Algernon Blackwood:

"It was dusk, the stars were coming out in the pale evening air, and the orchards, as I passed them, stood like wavering ghosts of unbelievable beauty. The effect of thousands upon

skins—wolves that punish malefactors, killing but never eating them. In this there is a dramatic rightness which gives an effect of realism to the unearthly.

The second story is "Chinese Magic." This is quite different from the first, as its charm lies in the artistic coloring. It is like a delicate painting, one that must be analyzed closely; the colors are so skillfully blended that they are elusive.

Here is one of the typical pictures drawn by Algernon Blackwood:

"It was dusk, the stars were coming out in the pale evening air, and the orchards, as I passed them, stood like wavering ghosts of unbelievable beauty. The effect of thousands upon

skins—wolves that punish malefactors, killing but never eating them. In this there is a dramatic rightness which gives an effect of realism to the unearthly.

The second story is "Chinese Magic." This is quite different from the first, as its charm lies in the artistic coloring. It is like a delicate painting, one that must be analyzed closely; the colors are so skillfully blended that they are elusive.

Here is one of the typical pictures drawn by Algernon Blackwood:

"It was dusk, the stars were coming out in the pale evening air, and the orchards, as I passed them, stood like wavering ghosts of unbelievable beauty. The effect of thousands upon

skins—wolves that punish malefactors, killing but never eating them. In this there is a dramatic rightness which gives an effect of realism to the unearthly.

The second story is "Chinese Magic." This is quite different from the first, as its charm lies in the artistic coloring. It is like a delicate painting, one that must be analyzed closely; the colors are so skillfully blended that they are elusive.

Here is one of the typical pictures drawn by Algernon Blackwood:

"It was dusk, the stars were coming out in the pale evening air, and the orchards, as I passed them, stood like wavering ghosts of unbelievable beauty. The effect of thousands upon

skins—wolves that punish malefactors, killing but never eating them. In this there is a dramatic rightness which gives an effect of realism to the unearthly.

The second story is "Chinese Magic." This is quite different from the first, as its charm lies in the artistic coloring. It is like a delicate painting, one that must be analyzed closely; the colors are so skillfully blended that they are elusive.

Here is one of the typical pictures drawn by Algernon Blackwood:

"It was dusk, the stars were coming out in the pale evening air, and the orchards, as I passed them, stood like wavering ghosts of unbelievable beauty. The effect of thousands upon

skins—wolves that punish malefactors, killing but never eating them. In this there is a dramatic rightness which gives an effect of realism to the unearthly.

The second story is "Chinese Magic." This is quite different from the first, as its charm lies in the artistic coloring. It is like a delicate painting, one that must be analyzed closely; the colors are so skillfully blended that they are elusive.

Here is one of the typical pictures drawn by Algernon Blackwood:

"It was dusk, the stars were coming out in the pale evening air, and the orchards, as I passed them, stood like wavering ghosts of unbelievable beauty. The effect of thousands upon

skins—wolves that punish malefactors, killing but never eating them. In this there is a dramatic rightness which gives an effect of realism to the unearthly.

The second story is "Chinese Magic." This is quite different from the first, as its charm lies in the artistic coloring. It is like a delicate painting, one that must be analyzed closely; the colors are so skillfully blended that they are elusive.

Here is one of the typical pictures drawn by Algernon Blackwood:

"It was dusk, the stars were coming out in the pale evening air, and the orchards, as I passed them, stood like wavering ghosts of unbelievable beauty. The effect of thousands upon

skins—wolves that punish malefactors, killing but never eating them. In this there is a dramatic rightness which gives an effect of realism to the unearthly.

The second story is "Chinese Magic." This is quite different from the first, as its charm lies in the artistic coloring. It is like a delicate painting, one that must be analyzed closely; the colors are so skillfully blended that they are elusive.

Here is one of the typical pictures drawn by Algernon Blackwood:

"It was dusk, the stars were coming out in the pale evening air, and the orchards, as I passed them, stood like wavering ghosts of unbelievable beauty. The effect of thousands upon

skins—wolves that punish malefactors, killing but never eating them. In this there is a dramatic rightness which gives an effect of realism to the unearthly.

The second story is "Chinese Magic." This is quite different from the first, as its charm lies in the artistic coloring. It is like a delicate painting, one that must be analyzed closely; the colors are so skillfully blended that they are elusive.

Here is one of the typical pictures drawn by Algernon Blackwood:

"It was dusk, the stars were coming out in the pale evening air, and the orchards, as I passed them, stood like wavering ghosts of unbelievable beauty. The effect of thousands upon

skins—wolves that punish malefactors, killing but never eating them. In this there is a dramatic rightness which gives an effect of realism to the unearthly.

The second story is "Chinese Magic." This is quite different from the first, as its charm lies in the artistic coloring. It is like a delicate painting, one that must be analyzed closely; the colors are so skillfully blended that they are elusive.

Here is one of the typical pictures drawn by Algernon Blackwood:

"It was dusk, the stars were coming out in the pale evening air, and the orchards, as I passed them, stood like wavering ghosts of unbelievable beauty. The effect of thousands upon

skins—wolves that punish malefactors, killing but never eating them. In this there is a dramatic rightness which gives an effect of realism to the unearthly.

The second story is "Chinese Magic." This is quite different from the first, as its charm lies in the artistic coloring. It is like a delicate painting, one that must be analyzed closely; the colors are so skillfully blended that they are elusive.

Here is one of the typical pictures drawn by Algernon Blackwood:

"It was dusk, the stars were coming out in the pale evening air, and the orchards, as I passed them, stood like wavering ghosts of unbelievable beauty. The effect of thousands upon

skins—wolves that punish malefactors, killing but never eating them. In this there is a dramatic rightness which gives an effect of realism to the unearthly.

The second story is "Chinese Magic." This is quite different from the first, as its charm lies in the artistic coloring. It is like a delicate painting, one that must be analyzed closely; the colors are so skillfully blended that they are elusive.

Here is one of the typical pictures drawn by Algernon Blackwood:

"It was dusk, the stars were coming out in the pale evening air, and the orchards, as I passed them, stood like wavering ghosts of unbelievable beauty. The effect of thousands upon

skins—wolves that punish malefactors, killing but never eating them. In this there is a dramatic rightness which gives an effect of realism to the unearthly.

The second story is "Chinese Magic." This is quite different from the first, as its charm lies in the artistic coloring. It is like a delicate painting, one that must be analyzed closely; the colors are so skillfully blended that they are elusive.

Here is one of the typical pictures drawn by Algernon Blackwood:

"It was dusk, the stars were coming out in the pale evening air, and the orchards, as I passed them, stood like wavering ghosts of unbelievable beauty. The effect of thousands upon

skins—wolves that punish malefactors, killing but never eating them. In this there is a dramatic rightness which gives an effect of realism to the unearthly.

The second story is "Chinese Magic." This is quite different from the first, as its charm lies in the artistic coloring. It is like a delicate painting, one that must be analyzed closely